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H Y M N S

F O R

T H E V E S T R Y

A N D

T H E F I R E S I D E .

17

“Devotion borrows Music’s tone,
And Music takes Devotion’s wing:
Then, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and, soaring, sing.”

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172

PREFACE.

THE preparation of this Collection of Hymns was undertaken at the suggestion of the publishers, to meet a well-known want of the churches:—the want of a Hymn Book for Vestry and Family use, differing from a Collection for Church service, rather in the number than in the quality of the hymns; one preserving truth and fervor of sentiment, and at the same time excluding such hymns as are offensive to good taste; in a word, one composed of *evangelical poetry*, suitable to be sung, and adapted to the occasions of worship already named. Whether this Collection will meet that want is the question now submitted. The labors of the editor have not been light. A wide field has been traversed in the work of selection, and many of the most beautiful hymns in the compilation, gathered from foreign climes, will meet the greater portion of the christian community in this country as strangers. These, it is believed, will be a welcome addition to our sacred poetry. If it should be said of any hymns in this Collection, that they will not abide the test of severe

literary criticism, the editor has only to reply, that a compilation of hymns which would abide such a test, is, in our language, hardly possible, and that many hymns which are wanting in the graces of high poetic diction, have become too closely interwoven with the prevalent religious sentiment to be lightly sacrificed.

With fervent prayers for its usefulness, this little volume is now commended to all whose faith is built "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

Boston, November, 1841.

NOTE. *Alterations* by the editor, and in some cases, *original stanzas*, are indicated by a star affixed to the marginal numbers.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Page.
A CHARGE to keep I have	100
Again the day returns of holy rest	43
Ah, how shall fallen man	63
All hail, the great Immanuel's name	31
All hail! ye servants of the Lord	184
All that in this wide world we see	9
All yesterday is gone	73
Almighty Father! God of grace	55
Almighty Father of mankind	166
Am I a soldier of the cross	132
Amid the splendors of thy state	8
And canst thou, sinner, slight	69
Angels! from the realms of glory	13
Another day is past	164
A poor way-faring man of grief	178
Arise! arise! with joy survey	145
Arise, great God! and let thy grace	137
Arise, my soul, arise	23
Arise, my tender thoughts, arise	175
Arm of the Lord, awake!—awake	143
As flows the rapid river	114
Ashamed of Christ! my soul disdain	176
As o'er the past my memory strays	62
As pants the hart for cooling streams	110
As the dew from heaven distilling	52
As twilight's gradual veil is spread	130
At the portals of thy house	46
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill	10
Awaked from sin's delusive sleep	64
Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve	101
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	24

BEFORE thy footstool kneeling	196
Behold a stranger at the door	71
Behold the throne of grace	88
Behold the western evening light	131
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head	119
Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way	158
Beside the gospel pool	65
Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth	157
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow	176
Blest are the pure in heart	91
Blest are the sons of peace	165
Blest be the tie that binds	112
Blest Comforter divine	36
Blest is the man whose softening heart	95
Bright and joyful is the morn	14
Bright was the guiding star that led	12
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	12
Broad is the road that leads to death	75
CALM on the bosom of thy God	131
Can sinners hope for heaven	78
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish	122
Child of the earth! O lift thy glance	9
Children of the heavenly King	109
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	32
Come, all ye saints of God	28
Come, Holy Spirit, come! Let thy bright beams	38
Come, Holy Spirit, come, With energy	35
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	34
Come, Jesus, come, return again	48
Come, kingdom of our God	146
Come, let our voices join	157
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	32
Come, O thou King of all thy saints	50
Come! said Jesus' sacred voice	73
Come, thou fount of every blessing	99
Come—'tis Jesus' invitation	80
Come to the house of prayer	45
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast	63
Come unto me all ye who mourn	67
Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed	81
Come, we that love the Lord	109
Come, ye disconsolate	39

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . .	76
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord . . .	8
Come, ye that love the Savior's name . . .	47
DEAR Savior! attend to my prayer, . . .	199
Dear Savior! when my thoughts recall . . .	57
Deep are the wounds which sin has made . . .	16
Did Christ o'er sinners weep . . .	62
Do not I love thee, O my Lord . . .	84
EARTH is but the land of shadows . . .	146
Encompassed with clouds of distress . . .	94
Eternal source of life and light . . .	42
Eternity is just at hand . . .	126
FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining . . .	199
Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are . . .	7
Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it . . .	177
Far from these narrow scenes of night . . .	128
Far from the world, O Lord! I flee . . .	165
Father of mercies! hear . . .	156
Father of mercies, in thy word . . .	171
Father! that in the olive shade . . .	40
Father! we bless the gentle care . . .	162
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . .	105
Forth from the dark and stormy sky . . .	50
Fount of everlasting love . . .	153
From all that dwell below the skies . . .	200
From every stormy wind that blows . . .	40
From Greenland's icy mountains . . .	133
From the cross uplifted high . . .	74
From year to year in love we meet . . .	154
GLORY to thee, my God, this night . . .	163
God of my life, to thee belong . . .	5
God of our Fathers! by whose hand . . .	103
God of our lives, thy various praise . . .	168
God scorns not humble things . . .	155
Go when the morning shineth . . .	179
Grace! 't is a charming sound . . .	90
Gracious Spirit—Love divine . . .	37
Great God, thy penetrating eye . . .	4
Great God, we would to thee make known . . .	189
Great Shepherd of thine Israel . . .	151
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear . . .	51
Green the hill-side ever fair . . .	171

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	103
HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	142
Hark! from the cross, a voice of peace	68
Hark! from yon wilds is heard the strain	144
Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds	80
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices	25
Hark! the glad sound! the Savior comes	10
Hark! sinner, hark! God speaks to thee	67
Haste, O sinner—now be wise	78
Hear O sinner!—mercy hails you	79
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	122
He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies	19
He lives! the great Redeemer lives	20
How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss	187
How gentle God's commands	88
How helpless guilty nature lies	37
How highly blest are they	49
How long shall virtue languish	185
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord	48
How precious is the book divine	173
How precious, Lord, thy sacred word	172
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	111
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	18
How sweet the melting lay	51
How sweet to leave the world awhile	38
How swift the torrent rolls	118
How tedious and tasteless the hours	110
How vain is all beneath the skies	107
How welcome thy returning beams	42
If human kindness meets return	34
If I must die, oh! let me die	120
I love the sacred book of God	173
I love thy kingdom, Lord	150
I love to steal awhile away	170
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	89
In all thy mercies may my soul	6
In mercy, Lord, remember me	163
In sleep's serene oblivion laid	158
Inspirer and hearer of prayer	160
I send the joys of earth away	107
Isles of the South, awake	140
Is there no hope? O, sinner, pause	71

It is the voice of love divine	182
I would not live alway : I ask not to stay . . .	117
JEHOVAH, God ! thy gracious power	4
Jehovah, Lord of power and might	2
Jerusalem, my happy home	127
Jesus, and didst thou condescend	14
Jesus ! and shall it ever be	89
Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory	28
Jesus, I love thy charming name	26
Jesus, lover of my soul	30
Jesus, the conqueror reigns	26
Jesus, thou everlasting King	27
Jesus, thou fairest, dearest one	30
Jesus ! thou in the form of God	95
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun	142
Jesus ! thy love shall we forget	183
LABORERS of Christ, arise	184
Lead us with thy gentle sway	98
Life is a span—a fleeting hour	118
Light of lights ! our path illuming	197
Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending	124
Lord, bring me to resign	84
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	200
Lord Jesus ! come ; for here	145
Lord, lead my heart to learn	156
Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield	65
Lord, 't is sweet to mingle where	53
Lord, what a wretched land is this	98
MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior	200
Morning breaks upon the tomb	20
Mortal ! this earth is not thy home	68
Most gracious God, reveal	92
My country ! 'tis of thee	167
My days, my weeks, my months, my years . . .	116
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	99
My faith looks up to thee	113
My Father's house on high	131
My God, thy boundless love I praise	1
My Savior, let me hear thy voice	60
My soul, be on thy guard	101
Nor all the blood of beasts	17
Now is th' accepted time	77

O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God	90
O blessed souls are they	66
O could we speak the matchless worth	21
O day of peace, whose dawning ray	43
O Father, let thy kingdom come	144
O God, by whom the seed is given	51
O gracious God! in whom I live	102
O Israel! trust his word	190
O Jesus, delight of my soul	196
O Lord, another day is flown	163
O Lord, behold us at thy feet	190
O Lord my best desires fulfill	94
O Lord, our God, arise	137
O praise ye the Lord	181
O thou, by long experience tried	7
O thou, my soul, forget no more	31
O thou that hear'st prayer	180
O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith	29
O thou the wretched's sure retreat	58
O thou, whose mercy guides my way	93
O thou, whose tender mercy hears	59
O'er mountain tops the mount of God	138
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	135
Oh, cease! my wandering soul	74
Oh could I find, from day to day	87
Oh! for a closer walk with God	91
Oh for that tenderness of heart	57
Oh, in the morn of life, when youth	181
Oh lend me the wings of a dove	194
Oh may my heart, by grace renewed	92
Oh my soul, what means this sadness	86
Oh! timely happy, timely wise	159
Oh what amazing words of grace	76
Oh where shall rest be found	125
Oh why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb	193
Once more before we part	52
One there is, above all others	25
Only this once.—The wine-cup glowed	186
On the islands that sit in the region of night	147
On the mountain's tops appearing	138
Onward, onward, men of heaven	147
Our heavenly Father calls	97

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

xi

Out of the depths of woe	61
PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan . . .	188
People of the living God	96
Perpetual source of light and grace	56
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee . . .	22
Pray for Jerusalem	48
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	41
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	58
REMEMBER thy Creator	181
Repent, the voice celestial cries	70
Return, O wanderer—now return	73
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	108
Rock of ages! cleft for me	16
SAINTS, with pious zeal attending	180
Salvation, oh melodious sound	175
Salvation! O, the joyful sound	15
Savior, source of every blessing	22
Savior, when in dust, to thee	23
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	71
See the leaves around us falling	170
Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive	60
Since all the varying scenes of time	87
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord	108
Sing, christian brethren! ere we part	53
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown	70
Sinner! rouse thee from thy sleep	81
Sinners, turn—why will ye die	72
Sinner, what hast thou to show	69
Softly now the light of day	162
Soldiers of Christ, arise	102
Soon may the last glad song arise	134
Sound, sound the truth abroad	136
Sovereign of all the worlds on high	3
Sovereign of worlds! display thy power	136
Sow in the morn thy seed	174
Spirit of holiness! descend	150
Spirit of peace! celestial dove	111
Spirit! no restless wing	132
Stay, thou insulted Spirit—stay	36
Suppliant, lo! thy children bend	155
Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,	178
Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks . . .	66

Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream	41
Sweet is the scene when christians die	117
Sweet is the work, O Lord	45
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	45
Sweet the time—exceeding sweet	112
TELL, Gospel, tell thy news to man	148
The bird, let loose in eastern skies	128
The blooming flowers of summer pass	129
The day is past and gone	161
The flowery spring, at God's command	169
The gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn	94
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	191
The Lord, my pasture shall prepare	104
The Lord will come and not be slow	143
The Lord will happiness divine	55
The pity of the Lord	6
The Savior calls—let every ear	81
The Savior! oh, what endless charms	18
The Spirit, in our hearts	77
The sun, that bright and orb'd blaze	160
The swift-declining day	116
The time is short! sinners, beware	75
The voice of free grace, cries	82
The winter is over and gone	169
There is a calm for those who weep	130
There is a fountain, filled with blood	15
There is a land of pure delight	127
There is an hour of peaceful rest	126
There is a place of waveless rest	198
There sprang a tree of deadly name	186
Thou art gone to the grave—but	121
Thou art, O God, the life and light	3
Thou art the way—to thee alone	49
Thou God of sovereign grace	189
Thou, Lord, art light; thy native ray	10
Thou lovely source of true delight	24
Thou Prince of glory, slain for me	62
Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams	21
Through all the changing scenes of life	7
Through sorrow's night, and danger's path	194
Thy bounties, gracious Lord,	148
Thy healing spirit, Lord, impart	96

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea	9
Time is winging us away	115
'T is a point I long to know	85
'T is God the Spirit leads	35
'T is midnight—and on Olive's brow	19
'T is the hour when silent thought	192
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	193
To-morrow, Lord, is thine	115
To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord	27
UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill	86
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	122
VITAL spark of heavenly flame	121
WAKE, children of Zion! Oh hasten to plead	191
Watchman! tell us of the night	149
We come at evening's solemn hour	161
We lift our hearts to thee	33
We need not bid for cloistered cell	100
We sing the Savior's love	17
We 've no abiding city here	97
Welcome, sweet day of rest	43
What secret hand at morning light	159
What sinners value, I resign	106
What various hind'rances we meet	39
When all thy mercies, O my God	173
When darkness long has veiled my mind	83
When I can read my title clear	106
When I review my ways	64
When languor and disease invade	105
When, marshalled on the nightly plain	11
When morning's first and hallowed ray	187
When my voice at morn and even	192
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I	164
When on her Maker's bosom	177
When overwhelmed with grief	61
When shall the voice of singing	135
When shall we meet again	54
When the vale of death appears	193
When the woes of life o'ertake me	83
When the worn spirit wants repose	44
When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come	124
When thy mortal life is fled	123
When we, our wearied limbs to rest	152

Where is my God ?—does he retire	. . .	59
Where two or three with sweet accord	. . .	52
While I to grief my soul gave way	. . .	153
While life prolongs its precious light	. . .	70
While my Redeemer's near	. . .	33
While Thee I seek, protecting power	. . .	46
While with ceaseless course the sun	. . .	167
Who, but Thou, Almighty Spirit	. . .	139
Who can forbear to sing	. . .	154
Who, O Lord, when life is o'er	. . .	166
Why do we mourn departing friends	. . .	120
Why, on the bending willows hung	. . .	152
Why should we start, and fear to die	. . .	119
Why will ye waste on trifling cares	. . .	79
Within these quiet walls, O Lord	. . .	188
Ye christian heralds, go, proclaim	. . .	134
Ye glittering toys of earth, 'adieu	. . .	29
Ye humble souls, approach your God	. . .	2
Yes, my native land, I love thee	. . .	141
Yet who this fearful deed hath wrought	. . .	93
Your harps, ye trembling saints	. . .	104
Zion, awake !—thy strength renew	. . .	139
Zion, lift thy raptured eye	. . .	13

INDEX OF SUBJECTS:

☞ The figures refer to the pages.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I. WORSHIP, 1—54.</p> <p>II. PENITENTIAL, 55—66.</p> <p>III. WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL, 67—82.</p> <p>IV. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE, 83—113.</p> <p>V. FLIGHT OF TIME, DEATH, ETERNITY, 114—132.</p> <p>VI. MISSIONS, 133—149.</p> <p>VII. MISCELLANEOUS, 150—200.</p>
<p>Absence from God, 59.</p> <p>Adoption, 3.</p> <p>Advocate, 59.</p> <p>Affliction, end of, 94.</p> <p>Angels, ministry of, 202.</p> <p>Awakened sinners seeking mercy, 63—65.</p> <p>Burial of believers, 122.</p> <p>Casting care upon God, 88.</p> <p>Christ, a friend, 25; a pattern, 99; a refuge, 30; advent of, 10—14; atonement of, 15—18; glorying in the cross of, 83; grace of, 17; intercession of, 20; miracles of, 14; a king, 25, 26, 27; not ashamed of, 89, 176; praise to, 21, 22, 24, 27, 28; precious, 26, 31; remembrance of, 34; resurrection of, 19, 20; shepherd, 33; sun of righteousness, 32, 33; teaching of, 18; the star of Bethlehem, 11, 12; trusting in, for pardon, 29.</p> <p>Christian spirit blessed, 95.</p> <p>Church, 150—152; rejoicing in her king, 27.</p> <p>Confession, 55.</p> | <p>Conflict, the christian, 100—102.</p> <p>Contentment, 105.</p> <p>Contrite heart, 55.</p> <p>Danger of delay, 75, 78.</p> <p>Danger of rejecting Christ, 68.</p> <p>Death, admonition to prepare for, 118—120; of christians, 117, 119, 121, 131.</p> <p>Declension and revival, 150—154.</p> <p>Depravity, 37, 63.</p> <p>Doubting, 83—85.</p> <p>Encouragement, 104.</p> <p>Eternity anticipated, 123, 126.</p> <p>Evening, 160—164.</p> <p>Farewell to a departed friend, 121.</p> <p>Fellowship with God, 97.</p> <p>Flight of time, 114—116, 118.</p> <p>Gethsemane, 19, 21, 176.</p> <p>God, compassion of, 5, 6, 58; faithfulness of, 7; manifested in nature, 3, 9; omnipresence of, 4; peace of, 7; power of, 4; the love of, 1, 2, 8.</p> <p>Grace, salvation by, 90.</p> <p>Grave, 130.</p> |
|---|---|

- Grief over human woes, 175.
 Heaven, 126-132.
 Holy Spirit, 34-38; grieved, 137; striving with men, 69, 71.
 House of prayer, invitation to, 45.
 Invitations, warnings, &c., 67-82.
 Joys of piety, 109, 110, 112.
 Judgment, 123-125.
 Justification by faith, 23.
 See *Christ*.
 Life, changes of, 6, 7.
 Litany, 23.
 Lovest thou me? 84, 85.
 Loving kindness, 24.
 Man, Lord what is? 2, 9.
 Marriage hymn, 177.
 Maternal meetings, 188, 189, 190.
 Mercy, crying for 64.
 Mercy-seat, 39, 40.
 Missions, 133-149.
 Morning, 158, 159.
 Mourning, 122.
 National hymn, 167.
 Nature, changes of, types of immortality, 129, 130.
 New year, 167, 168.
 Old age, 166.
 One thing needful, 79.
 Panting for God, 87-91.
 Parting, 52-54.
 Past, review of, 62.
 Pearl of great price, 29.
 Penitential, 55-66.
 Penitent surrendering, 65; peace to, 60, 66.
 People of God chosen, 96.
 Pilgrim, pilgrimage, 97, 98, 103, 108.
 Prayer, 39-42, 179, 180.
 Prayer meetings, 38, 49-53.
 Providence, 9, 86, 87, 92, 93, and *passim*.
 Pure in heart, 91.
 Repentance, 57, 62.
 Resolve, the trembling sinner's, 63.
 Resurrection, of Christ, 19, 20; of saints, 129, 130.
 Retirement, 165, 170.
 Revival and declension, 150-154.
 Reward and punishment, 125.
 Sabbath, 42-45, 164.
 Sabbath schools, 154-158.
 Salvation, 15, 175.
 Sanctification desired, 96.
 Scriptures, 171-173.
 Seasons, 167-170.
 Self-surrender to God, 84.
 Self-consecration, 113.
 Self-denial, 100.
 Self-examination, 84-85.
 Shepherd, the Lord a 27, 33, 104, 191.
 Submission, 93, 94.
 To a spirit in heaven, 121, 131, 132.
 Union, 111, 112.
 Vanity of the world, 106, 107.
 Waiting for God, 61.
 Walking with God, 91.
 Wanderers invited to return, 73.
 Watchfulness, 100, 101, 102.
 World, resigned, 106, 107.
 Worship, seasons of, 45-54; delight in, 45, 48; blessings sought upon, 46-52.

HYMNS.

I. WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. C. P. M.

H. MORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise !
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast :
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

HYMN 2. C. M.

STEELE.

Goodness of God.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

HYMN 3. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Lord, what is Man ?

- 1 JEHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
How glorious is thy name !
The blaze of day—the pomp of night,
Thy majesty proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man—weak, sinful man—
That he thy care should prove ;
That thou for him shouldst deign to plan
Such mighty acts of love !
- 3 Made in thine image at his birth—
Next to the heavenly host,
And sovereign of the new-formed earth,
Each privilege he lost.
- 4 Then did the pitying Savior leave
The glories of the sky,—
Oh ! love too wondrous to conceive !
For sinful man to die,—

- 5 To die, that we, by grace restored,
Might life and glory claim—
O great Creator, Savior, Lord,
How excellent thy name!

HYMN 4. L. P. M.

MOORE.

All things are of God.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of ev'n,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower that summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

HYMN 5. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

My Father.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

- 2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
 How tender—and how dear!
 Not all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart;
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe;
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
 Nor can the sign deceive.

HYMN 6. C. M.

SCOTT.

God almighty and omnipresent.

- 1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
 Pervades my inmost powers:
 With awe profound my wondering soul
 Falls prostrate, and adores.
- 2 To be encompassed round with God,
 The holy and the just;
 Armed with omnipotence to save,
 Or crumble me to dust—
- 3 O, how tremendous is the thought!
 Deep may it be impressed!
 And may thy Spirit firmly grave
 This truth within my breast!
- 4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
 The gloomy vale shall tread;
 And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
 Of glory on my head.

HYMN 7. C. M.

DR. THOMSON.

God's gracious Power.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
 On every hand we see;
 O may the blessings of each hour
 Lead all our thoughts to thee!

- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

HYMN 8. L. M.

SCOTT.

Praise for sparing Mercy.

- 1 God of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song ;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death ;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found ?
- 4 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by thy hand ;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life—and in the arms of death,
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong ;
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

HYMN 9. C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

- 1 In all thy mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 2 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God,
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 3 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 4 Then shall I close mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN 10. S. M.

WATTS.

God's compassion.

- 1 THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

HYMN 11. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

Safety in God.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.
- 3 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN 12. L. M. MME. GUION.

The peace of God.

- 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea,
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee.

HYMN 13. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

HYMN 14. C. M.

BURDEN.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.
- 3 Behold his loving-kindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.
- 4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.
- 5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

HYMN 15. C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

God is Love.

- 1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God the Lord is love.

HYMN 16. L. M. MRS. HEMANS.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

- 1 CHILD of the earth! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night:—
- 2 What then art *thou*, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!
- 3 Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.

HYMN 17. L. M. BRYANT.

The world is full of God.

- 1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround our way.
- 2 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the passing hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

HYMN 18. C. M. FAWCETT.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:—
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?
- 3 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 19. L. M. FROM THE GERMAN.

Praise.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art light ; thy native ray
No shade, no variation knows ;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art love ; the fountaın thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows ;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose.
- 3 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise ;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

HYMN 20. 11s. DRUMMOND.

A voice from the desert.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill,
The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way ;
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, tho' towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked, be made smooth and even,
For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God,
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

HYMN 21. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Advent.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound ! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.

- 3 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 22. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks;
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 23. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode,
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

HYMN 24. 11. 10s.

HEBER.

The infant Savior.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would 'his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

HYMN 25. 8 7 & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Call to worship the new-born Savior.

- 1 ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Sinners! bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

HYMN 26. L. M. CAMPBELL.

The nativity.

- 1 ZION lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 See, mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to those that mourn!
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair!
- 3 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

HYMN 27. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty—and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful—names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ th' incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to him the homage meet ;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

HYMN 28. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Miracles of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away ?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see ?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me !
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore ?—
Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more !
- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave ?—
I perish, Lord !—oh, save my soul !
For thou alone canst save.

HYMN 29. C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 30. C. M.

COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

- 1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain, in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave—
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN 31. L. M.

STEELE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 Yes, there's a great physician near ;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give !
- 4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'T is only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

HYMN 32. 7s.

TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure ;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 33. S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

HYMN 34. S. M. URWICK'S COLL.

The Grace of Christ.

- 1 WE sing the Savior's love,
That pitied wretched man ;
Delighting in the thought of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

We see its smiling beams,
Outshining at his birth ;
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourned on earth.
- 3 But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace !
When bowed beneath the curse he died,
To save the chosen race.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With the first seraph's flame,
Sink far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

HYMN 35. C. M.

STEELE.

Pity and Condescension of Christ.

- 1 THE Savior! Oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

HYMN 36. L. M.

BOWRING.

The teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gath'ring round,
The voice of Jesus fill'd the place!
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

HYMN 37. L. M.

TAPPAN.

Gethsemane.

- 1 'T is midnight—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'T is midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.
- 2 'T is midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'T is midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'T is midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's wo.

HYMN 38. L. M.

WATTS.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Ye saints, approach !—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load ;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree !
The Lord of glory dies for men !—
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising Savior leaves the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, 'Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
Then ask—'O death, where is thy sting !
And where thy victory, boasting grave !'

HYMN 39. L. M.

STEELE.

Intercession of Christ.

- 1 HE lives ! the great redeemer lives !
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence from my heart, despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

HYMN 40. 7s.

COLLYER.

Darkness of the Tomb scattered by Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom !
Day of triumph ! through the skies,
See the glorious Savior rise !
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase your unbelieving fears ;
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

HYMN 41. C. P. M.

FAWCETT.

Various Characters celebrated.

- 1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Savior shine,
We'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face :
Then with our Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

HYMN 42. 11s.

The Savior's Sorrows.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head ;
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his bed ;
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 Oh garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love !
- 4 Come saints and adore him,—come bow at his feet !
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

HYMN 43. 8 & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Praise for Redemption.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away :
- 2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
HIM who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
- 4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise !
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise !

HYMN 44. 8 & 7s.

ROBINSON.

- 1 SAVIOR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 45. 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

Litany.

- *1 SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.
- *2 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds—the crown of thorns—
 By thy cross—the pangs and cries,
 By thy perfect sacrifice ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear us when to thee we cry.
- *3 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By thy sealed sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumphs o'er the grave,
 By thy power from death to save,
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heaven restored,
 Savior, Prince, exalted high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

HYMN 46. H. M. METHODIST COLL.

Justification by faith.

- *1 ARISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 Jesus, the sacrifice,
 In my behalf appears :
 Before the throne he ever stands,
 And lifts for me his bleeding hands.
- 2 To God I' m reconciled—
 His pardoning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father,—Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 47. C. M.

STEELE.

Praise to the Savior.

- 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.
- 3 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
Then shall I see thy glorious face,
In endless joy above!

HYMN 48. L. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

Loving-kindness. Isa. 63: 7.

- *1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He claims a thankful song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- *2 He saw thee ruined by the fall,
Yet loved thee in thy dreadful thrall;
He saved thee from thy lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- *3 Though prone, alas, my roving heart,
From my Redeemer to depart,
And though I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- *4 Soon I must pass the darksome vale,
And when my mortal powers shall fail,
O let my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- *5 And when my spirit soars away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
I'll sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 49. 8 & 7s.

KELLY.

The King of glory.

- 1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns the God of love:
 See, he fills yon sapphire throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory, reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day!
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away,—
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 Glory, glory to our King!

HYMN 50. 8 & 7s.

NEWTON.

Christ a Friend.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly—free—and knows no end:
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would have shed his blood?—
 But this Savior died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
 FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.

HYMN 51. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Jesus the King and Advocate.

- 1 JESUS, the conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your hearts—lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power,
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad,
The victory of his cross.

HYMN 52. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ precious.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Whate'er my noblest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
And trust thy love in death.

HYMN 53. L. M.

WATTS.

The Church rejoicing in her King.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink—nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise—improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 54. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 3 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

HYMN 55. 6 & 4s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
' Worthy the Lamb !'
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Swell the glad theme :
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
' Worthy the Lamb !'
- 3 Hark—how the choirs above,
Filled with the Savior's love,
Dwell on his name !—
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
' Worthy the Lamb !'

HYMN 56. 8 & 7s. LOCK HOS. COLL.

Praise to the Intercessor.

- 1 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your noblest, sweetest lays !
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to shout Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 57. C. P. M.

TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send ;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
'Thy Maker is thy friend.'
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 58. C. M.

STEELE.

The Pearl of great price.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu !
A nobler choice be mine—
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown ;
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possessed,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever blessed.
- 5 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 59. C. M.

BEDDOME.

Excellence of Christ.

- 1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest one,
 What beauties thee adorn!
 Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
 And hope of all below;
 O may I taste thy richest love,
 And thine endearments know.
- 3 Here let me fix my wandering eyes,
 And all thy glories trace;
 Till in the world of endless joys,
 I rise to thine embrace.

HYMN 60. 7s.

COWPER.

Tempted, but flying to Christ the refuge.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 61. L. M.

KRISHNU.

A Hymn in memory of the Savior.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
 The friend who all thy sorrows bore ;
 Let every idol be forgot,
 But, O my soul, forget *Him* not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
 And fly to this divine relief ;
 Nor him forget, who left his throne,
 And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Infinite truth and mercy shine
 In him, and he himself is thine :
 And canst thou then, with sin beset,
 Such charms, such matchless charms forget ?
- 4 O ! no—till life itself depart,
 His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
 And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.

HYMN 62. C. M.

Christ crowned as Lord of All.

- 1 ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred—every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 63. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Son of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 64. C. M.

WATTS.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 2 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
 'To be exalted thus :'
 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
 'For He was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

HYMN 65. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
 Thou Day-star from on high ;
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 Oh let thy rising beams
 Dispel the shades of night ;
 And let the glories of thy love,
 Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !—
 How dark and sad before !—
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.

HYMN 66. S. M.

The Shepherd.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd, and my guide,
 I bid farewell to every fear ;
 My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 67. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and wo!
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
'Meet and remember me!'
- 4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there!

HYMN 68. C. M.

WATTS.

Fervency of devotion desired.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 69. S. M.

BEDDOME,

Influences of the Spirit implored.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Oh ! melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise ;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 70. S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The indwelling influences of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 'T is God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do :
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

HYMN 71. L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit—stay !
Though I have done thee such despise ;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release :
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 72. S. M.

CH. PSALMODY

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 73. C. M.

STEELE.

Death in Trespasses and Sins.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;—
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh ! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 74. 7s.

STOCKER.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

HYMN 75. S. M.

HART.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN 76. L. M.

Where two or three, &c. Matt. 18 : 20.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of the Lord !
O Jesus, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may meditate and pray ;
Savior, behold us at thy feet,
And send us not unblessed away.

HYMN 77. 11 & 10s.

Invitation to the mercy-seat.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the mercy-seat—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.

HYMN 78. L. M.

COWPER.

Exhortation to prayer.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words?—ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

HYMN 79. L. M.

STOWELL.

The mercy-seat.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HYMN 80. C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

A prayer of anguish.

- 1 FATHER! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with an angel's heavenly aid
Strengthen thy suffering Son:
- 2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this whelming grief!
- 3 And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry
'Thy will, O God, be done:'
- 4 By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned, the chief,—
Thou Savior! if the stroke *must* fall
Hallow this whelming grief!

HYMN 81. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear ;
When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,
And dries the bitter tear.
- 4 Not accents flow, nor words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

HYMN 82. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or express'd—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' Behold, he prays.'
- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watch-word at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

- 5 O thou by whom we come to God—
 The life, the truth, the way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

HYMN 83. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for divine guidance.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and light,
 Supremely good and wise,
 To thee we bring our grateful vows,
 To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine,
 With truth's celestial rays ;
 Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
 And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Conduct us safely by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road ;
 And place us when that journey's o'er,
 In heaven thy blest abode.

HYMN 84. L. M.

HANCOX.

The Lord's day.

- 1 How welcome thy returning beams,
 Thou fairest morn of all the seven !
 Those wake to toil and earthly schemes ;—
 Thou to repose and thoughts of heaven !
- 2 Come let us join the goodly throng,
 And pay to God our early vow ;
 Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
 And at his footstool humbly bow.
- 3 Nor with the Sabbath's parting ray
 Let us our pious zeal conclude ;
 But strive to know each passing day,
 Some strengthened grace, or sin subdued.
- 4 Then we may trust a Savior's love,
 That when we've passed these days of care,
 Trained for the blissful courts above,
 An endless Sabbath we shall share.

HYMN 85. S. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my Savior's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 86. 10s.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety—and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our guardian—and in death our friend;
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

HYMN 87. L. M.

CHRIST. OFFERING.

The Sabbath day.

- 1 O DAY of peace, whose dawning ray
Smiles meekly in the eastern sky,
I love to own thy soothing sway,
While earth's vain cares and tumults die.

- 2 O day of joy, thy choral strain
Sounds sweetly in the pilgrim's ear ;
The listening soul forgets its pain,
And loses all its guilty fear.
- 3 O day of love, when he who died
Removes the sinner's load of wo,
And, smiling, shows his wounded side,
Whence hope, and life, and pardon flow.
- 4 O day of rest, what heavenly calm,
What hallowed peace thine hours impart !
How often has thy healing balm
Revived and soothed the contrite heart !
- 5 The shades of earth shall cloud these eyes,
Each earth-born joy be lost, unknown ;
Yet still thy memory shall arise,
Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

HYMN 88. C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Lord's day.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek ;
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !
- 3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul !
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er ;
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

HYMN 89. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

HYMN 90. L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

HYMN 91. S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the house of prayer.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.

- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives thee power to praise.
- *5 Come to the house of prayer,
As children, brothers, come ;
A Father's blessing on us there
Shall make that house our home.

HYMN 92. 7s.

I. TAYLOR.

Worship.

- 1 At the portals of thy house,
Lord we leave our mortal cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers :
Pure and contrite hearts alone
Find acceptance at thy throne.
- 2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord !
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
To their feet thy light afford :
Let the world unite to raise
Solemn and harmonious praise.

HYMN 93. C. M. HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 94. C. M.

STEELE.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?—
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 95. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The delight of worship.

- 1 PRAY for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!
- 2 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound!
- 3 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

HYMN 96. C. M. MILTON.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord!
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord,
Of souls that pray to thee.
- 2 Lord God of hosts that reign'st on high!
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

HYMN 97. L. M. HEBER.

- 1 COME, Jesus, come, return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.
- 3 Come, Jesus, come, and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way;
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:

- 4 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare,
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

HYMN 98. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

- 1 THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 99. H. M. FELLOWS.

- 1 How highly blest are they
Who love and serve the Lord,
Who jointly to him pray,
And listen to his word !
His word, which makes the simple wise,
Where all our hope and comfort lies.
- 2 O may it now descend,
Like gentle showers of rain !
May every soul attend,
And may it long remain !
Lord, give us food for many days,
And fill our hearts with love and praise !

HYMN 100. L. M. 61.

HEBER.

The Savior's blessing sought.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Savior, we seek thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain,
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

HYMN 101. C. M.

STEELE.

The presence of God sought in his house.

- 1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 But ah ! the song, how faint it flows !
How languid our desire !
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire !
- 4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine
And fill thy dwellings here ;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say
Come, great Redeemer—come ;
And bring the bright—the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

HYMN 102. C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display :
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh ! give us hearts to pray.
- 2 The clouds, which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face ;
Oh make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

HYMN 103. C. M.

HEBER.

The blessing of God on his word implored.

- 1 O God by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

HYMN 104. S. M.

Morning prayer meetings.

- 1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer !
- 2 May breezes waft our cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
O Savior, listen to our sighs,
And send thy blessing down.

HYMN 105. L. M. S. STENNETT.

- 1 'WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—
- 2 'There,' says the Savior, 'will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.'
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN 106. 8 & 7s. URWICK'S COLL.

Divine influence implored.

- 1 As the dew from heaven distilling
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy holy will intends,—
Let thy word, Lord, ever gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Bless'd by thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love.
- 2 Lord, behold this congregation,
Now thy promises fulfil :
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distill ;
Let our cry come up before thee,
Shed thine holy spirit round ;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

HYMN 107. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Parting.

- 1 ONCE more before we part,
Oh bless the Savior's name,
Let every tongue, and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name :
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

HYMN 108. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

- 1 SING, christian brethren! ere we part,—
Join every voice and every heart;
Our solemn hymn to God we raise,
Our final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now unto God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Oh, raise, ye saints, the sound again;
Ye nations join the loud amen!

HYMN 109. 7s.

- 1 LORD, 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Sweeter far that state must be
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Savior, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Ripe for endless glory be.

HYMN 110. 6 & 5s.

CHOIR.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior!
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

II. PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 111. C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

Confession.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turned,
Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission and of act,
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffered on the cross,
And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father! for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

HYMN 112. C. M.

COWPER.

The contrite heart.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
With heart as hard as steel;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.

- 3 My best desires are faint and few ;
I fain would strive for more,
But, when I cry, ' My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 Thy saints have inward joy I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 5 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me ;
And, if it be not broken, break ;
And heal it if it be.

HYMN 113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours ;
As sure as heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew ;
As false as morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move ;
And with increasing transport press
To thy bright courts above.

HYMN 114. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Prayer for Repentance.

- 1 OH for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
- 2 Oh for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long-suspended blow!
- 3 Savior, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace!—
- 4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

HYMN 115. C. M.

STEELE.

- 1 DEAR Savior! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Grant me one kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
- 4 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

HYMN 116. C. M.

STENNETT.

The Penitent's prayer.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
Do thou my sins forgive ;
Thy justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

HYMN 117. C. M.

CARTER.

The compassion of God.

- 1 O THOU the wretched's sure retreat,
Who canst our cares control,
Look down, and with thy smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul.
- 2 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentle, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 3 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright ;
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 4 Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless her friendly ray ;
Bright herald to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

HYMN 118. C. M.

STEELE.

Absence from God deprecated.

- 1 Oh thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn :
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said—' Return' ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 4 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

HYMN 119. L. M.

STEELE.

Advocate.

- 1 WHERE is my God ?—does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands !
- 3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
The softest call before his throne
May rise and find acceptance there.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My *Father, God*, with joy divine.

HYMN 120. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 My Savior, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice, call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

HYMN 121. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification penitently implored.

- 1 Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 4 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 122. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Waiting for God. Psalm 130.

- 1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh.
- 2 I cast my hopes on thee;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive:
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?
- 3 I wait for thee; I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.
- 4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease:
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the pledge of peace!
- 5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
His bow is in the cloud!

HYMN 123. S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

HYMN 124. C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Penitent review of the past.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?—
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast,
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

HYMN 125. L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 THOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.
- 2 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.
- 3 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

HYMN 126. S. M.

BEDDOME.

Repentance in view of Christ's compassion.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears—
 The wondering angels see!
 Be thou astonished, O my soul!
 He shed those tears—for thee.
- 3 He wept—that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear;—
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there 's no weeping there.

HYMN 127. S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Depravity.

- 1 Ah, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
 Who can with thee contend?
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife
 Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None, none can meet him, and escape,
 But through the Savior's blood.

HYMN 128. C. M.

JONES.

The resolve.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve:
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve:
- 2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose;
 I see his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

- 3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone—
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.'

HYMN 129. L. M.

MOORE.

Crying for Mercy.

- 1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel and weep:
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now from thy throne of bliss above
Shed down a look of heavenly love;
That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
And bid my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

HYMN 130. S. M.

COWPER.

- 1 WHEN I review my ways,
I dread th' impending doom;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
'Flee from the wrath to come.'
- 2 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 3 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

HYMN 131. S. M.

NEWTON.

The gospel pool.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 4 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

HYMN 132. C. P. M.

NEWTON.

The Penitent surrendering.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

HYMN 133. C. M.

JERVIS.

Peace to the Penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

HYMN 134. S. M.

WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne :
Our help in time of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

III. WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 135. C. M. WM. HAGUE.

Divine pleadings. Hos. 11: 8.

- 1 HARK! sinner, hark! God speaks to thee,—
How shall I let thee go?
How shall I thy destruction see,
And all thine anguish know?
- 2 Sinner, how shall I give thee up?
I've loved thee as a child;
Yet of thy sins, thou fills't the cup,
As if with passion wild.
- 3 Sinner, how shall I let thee go?
My heart doth yearn for thee,
Yet thou dost love transgression so,
Thou wilt not turn to me.
- 4 O sinner, stop! pause in thy path,—
Pause! ere it be too late;
And now, while I hold back my wrath,
Escape thy threat'ning fate.
- 5 But if thou wilt not, then I must
Forever let thee go;
And that I am both kind and just,
The universe shall know!

HYMN 136. C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Christ's invitation.

- 1 COME unto me all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

[HYMN 137. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Expostulation.

- 1 MORTAL ! this earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end ;
Beyond the starry-spangled dome,
To heaven, thy views extend.
- 2 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While fadeless wreaths, and fairer bowers
For thee immortal bloom ?
- 3 Resign thy spirit to thy God ;
Cast flesh and sin away ;
O take the path thy Savior trod,
And rise to endless day !

HYMN 138. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Danger of rejecting Christ.

- 1 HARK ! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease !—
Sinner ! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.
- 2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear ?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn ?
- 3 Now from the cross a voice of peace,
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease ;
O sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

HYMN 139. 7s. URWICK'S COLL.

Expostulation.

- 1 SINNER, what hast thou to show,
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skilful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou in that awful day
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

HYMN 140. S. M.

HYDE.

Grieve not the spirit. Eph. 4: 30.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppress?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

HYMN 141. C. M. URWICK'S COLL.

Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.

- 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Sinners no more delay;
Whoever scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a vengeful day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar,—
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

HYMN 142. L. M.

WATTS.

Sinners warned.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?—
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,—
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

HYMN 143. L. M.

DWIGHT.

Sinners invited to immediate repentance.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- *2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
Who then will neither hear nor save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

- 4 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

HYMN 144. L. M.

HYDE.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?—
- 2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 145. L. M.

GRIGG.

Behold I stand at the door. Rev. 3: 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS DOOR rejected stand.

HYMN 146. L. M.

MILLER.

Is there no hope?

- 1 Is there no hope? O, sinner, pause!
Turn not away from heaven thy face;
Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.

- 2 Is there no hope ? that word recall,
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope forever flee away.
- 3 Is there no hope ? yes, sinner, yes—
Repent, and to the Savior fly :
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry ?
- 4 Return !—the bow of promise mark,
Above where death's dark billows roar ;
For soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,
'T will shine upon thy soul no more.

HYMN 147. 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 SINNERS, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Savior, asks you why :
He, who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love ;—
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Oh ! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die ?

HYMN 148. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

- 1 ALL yesterday is gone !
To-morrow's not our own ;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.
- 2 Oh hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart :
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—depart.

HYMN 149. C. M. COLLYER.

God's gracious call to sinners.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
Thy Savior bids thee live :
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 150. 7s. PRATT'S COLL.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.
- 2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure !

HYMN 151. 7s.

HAWES.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
'Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 Spread for thee, the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Savior, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day;—
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

HYMN 152. S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 OH, cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

HYMN 153. L. M.

WATTS.

The broad and narrow ways.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 154. C. M.

HOSKINS.

Time is short. 1 Cor. 7 : 29.

- 1 'THE time is short!' sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away ;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.
- 2 'The time is short!' O sinners, now
To Christ, the Lord, submit ;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 3 'The time is short!' ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come ;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.
- 4 'The time is short!' the moment near,
When we shall dwell above,
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

HYMN 155. C. M. LUTHERAN COLL.

- 1 OH what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring!
Here love—unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring!

HYMN 156. 8, 7 & 4s. HART.

Sinners entreated by the mercies of Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners—poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty—ye are welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody cross behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies—
'It is finished!'—
Heaven's atoning sacrifice!
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:—
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus—
Can do helpless sinners good.

HYMN 157. S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'sinner, come ;'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, 'come !'
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'come !'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;—
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come :'
Lord, even so ! we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

HYMN 158. S. M.

DOBELL.

Now the accepted time.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love :
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

HYMN 159. S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

The way of sin not the way to heaven.

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future joy and peace,
While on the road to hell?
- 2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?
- 3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?
- 4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

HYMN 160. 7s.

SCOTT.

Danger of delay.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 161. L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

One thing needful.

- 1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain ?
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God ! thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction in each heart ;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

HYMN 162. 8, 7 & 4s.

REED.

The sinner invited and threatened.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner !—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls ;
Hear, O sinner !—
'T is the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See ! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread ;
Hark ! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head ;—
Turn, O sinner !—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste ! O sinner ! to the Savior,
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away ;
Haste, O sinner !—
You must perish—if you stay.

HYMN 163. 8 & 7s.

Come to Jesus.

- *1 'COME'—'t is Jesus' invitation—
 Now to mourning souls addressed ;
 Why, O why such hesitation,
 Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
 Burdened as ye are with sin ?
 'T is the Holy Spirit's witness ;
 Christ invites you ;—enter in.
- 3 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
 Turn from your own self away,
 Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
 Come to Christ, without delay.
- 4 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
 Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
 What a treasure we inherit !
 How are contrite sinners blest !
- 5 Jesus, with thy word complying,
 Firm our faith and hope shall be ;
 On thy faithfulness relying,
 We will cast our souls on thee.

HYMN 164. 8 & 4s. REED'S COLL.

- 1 HARK, hark ! the gospel trumpet sounds,
 Through earth and heaven the echo bounds ;
 Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood !
 Sinners are reconciled to God,
 By grace divine !
- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
 Nor longer dare the grace refuse ;
 Mercy and justice here combine,
 Goodness and truth harmonious join,
 T' invite you near.
- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre ;
 Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire ;
 Let both the Savior's love proclaim—
 Forever worthy is the Lamb
 Of endless praise.

HYMN 165. L. M.

STEELE.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppressed,
Oh come! accept the promised rest:
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt—a painful load,
Oh come, and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt—and heal your woes;
Here's pardon, life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift!—how free the grace!

HYMN 166. C. M.

STEELE.

Christ's invitation to sinners.

- 1 THE Savior calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come—'t is mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'T is Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink—and never die.

HYMN 167. 7s.

- 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

- 2 Wake from sleep—arise from death—
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path—be wise,
Leave thy folly—seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly—cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure, without delay,
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 Oh ! then, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake ! and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 168. 12s. THORNBY.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain :'
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain ;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has died for our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious ;
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—O precious salvation !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 The Savior his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious :
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore ;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more ;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

IV. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 169. 8 & 7s.

BOWRING.

Glorying in the cross.

- 1 WHEN the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 3 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 4 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

HYMN 170. L. M.

COWPER.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

HYMN 171. S. M.

MORAVIAN.

Self-surrender to God.

- 1 LORD, bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee ;
And whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfill,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.
- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with jealous care ;
Thy great compassion never fails ;
Thou hear'st my ready prayer.
- 4 So will I firmly trust,
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

HYMN 172. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Lovest thou me ?

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?—
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat,
My Savior's voice to hear ?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?

- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

HYMN 173. 7s.

NEWTON.

Lovest thou me?

- 1 'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no ;
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray !
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 174. C. M.

WATTS.

Protection and safety.

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

HYMN 175. 8, 7 & 4s.

- 1 OH my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

HYMN 176. C. M.

HERVEY.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!
- 2 Good, when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies,
Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

HYMN 177. C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Longing for nearness to God.

- 1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 178. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Casting our cares on God.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

HYMN 179. S. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love :
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

HYMN 180. L. M.

GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus?—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No!—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus?—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And oh! may this my glory be—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

HYMN 181. C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne—his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 182. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 183. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The goodness of God proclaimed.

- 1 O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
Sing praises to his name;
Let all the earth, with one accord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;—
- 2 And let his faithful servants tell
How, by redeeming love,
Their souls are saved from death and hell,
To share the joys above;—
- 3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
Forbids their feet to slide;
And, as they run the christian race,
Vouchsafes to be their guide.
- 4 Oh, then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed of the Lord;
Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
His presence your reward.

HYMN 184. S. M.

KEBLE.

The pure in heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And, for his temple and his throne,
Selects the pure in heart.

HYMN 185. C. M.

COWPER.

Longing for a closer walk with God.

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 186. C. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 OH may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His rightful claim to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me safe from every sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And let each virtue in me shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

HYMN 187. S. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me ;
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.
- 2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impressed ;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 FATHER, thy will be done !
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine.

- 5 At thy command—I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my care and toil below
In rest eternal end.

HYMN 188. C. M. EDMESTON.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy guides my way!
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!
- 2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

HYMN 189. C. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Submission in affliction.

- 1 YET who this fearful deed hath wrought?
Who thus hath laid me low?
Was it a hand with vengeance fraught?—
The malice of a foe?
- 2 No!—He who called my being forth
From mute, unconscious clay;
He who with more than parent's love
Hath led me night and day;
- 3 Who erreth not, who changeth not,
Who woundeth but to heal,
Who darkeneth not man's sunny lot,
Save for his spirit's weal.
- 4 Therefore I bow me to his sway,
I mourn, but not repine,
And chastened, yet confiding say,
Lord—not my will, but thine.

HYMN 190. 8s.

Affliction.

- 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I :
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold :
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.

HYMN 191. 11 & 8s.

FORD.

The end of affliction.

- 1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
Stern winter the spring-time endears,
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
The brighter the rainbow appears.
- 2 So trials and sorrows the christian prepare,
For the rest that remaineth above ;
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
The smile of unchangeable love.

HYMN 192. C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No—rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

HYMN 193. C. M.

BARBAULD.

The christian spirit blessed.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.
- 2 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.
- *4 Peace, like a calm, celestial stream,
Will Jesus to him give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

HYMN 194. C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Phil. 2 : 5-8.

- 1 JESUS ! thou in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim ;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame !
- 2 Oh ! may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee ;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free !
- 3 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above !

HYMN 195. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Choosing the portion of God's heritage. Ruth, 1: 16, 17.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found :
Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns a wanderer yet unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
' FOLLOW ME ! ' I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord ! thy steps I see ;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

HYMN 196. L. M.

Desiring sanctification.

- 1 THY healing spirit, Lord, impart ;
Refine and sanctify my heart ;
And with reflected beauty fair,
Impress thy sacred image there.
- 2 O train me for the seats of rest,
Where in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

HYMN 197. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

HYMN 198. L. M. KELLY.

Pilgrim's song.

- 1 WE 'VE no abiding city here ;
We seek a land beyond our sight,
Zion its name—the Lord is there ;
It shines with everlasting light.
- 2 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I 'd fly to thee—and be at rest.
- 3 But hush, my soul—nor dare repine !
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 199. C.M.

WATTS.

This life a pilgrimage.

- 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits—no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy?
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 200. 7s.

BOWRING.

- 1 LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine,
Seeks a consecrated shrine.
- 2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Savior's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.
- 3 Lead us thither! thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansions there.

HYMN 201. L. M.

WATTS.

Christ a pattern for his followers.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love—and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer :
The desert thy temptations knew,—
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 202. 8 & 7s.

ROBINSON.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—oh take and seal it !
Seal it from thy courts above.

HYMN 203. L. M.

KEBLE.

Daily self-denial.

- *1 WE need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
As if in solitude alone
God's blessed favor might be won :
- 2 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask :—
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 3 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of rest below.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

HYMN 204. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness and prayer.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill :
Oh may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live :
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;—
Assured if I the trust betray,
I shall forever die.

HYMN 205. S. M.

HEATH.

Watchfulness and prayer inculcated.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

HYMN 206. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Savior—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We 'll lay our laurels down.

HYMN 207. S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

Soldiers of Christ.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God :
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

HYMN 208. C. M.

- 1 O GRACIOUS God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 2 Increase my faith—increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
Oh bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 4 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 209. 8, 7 & 4s. OLIVER.

God the pilgrim's guide and strength.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak—but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 210. C. M. LOGAN.

- 1 GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 211. L. M. 6l. ADDISON.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 212. S. M. TOPLADY.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

HYMN 213. C. M.

STEELE.

Contentment.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Oh, let the hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

HYMN 214. C. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away :—
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend :—
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee !

HYMN 215. C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 216. L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show ;
But that bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;—
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour !—O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;—
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

HYMN 217. L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

HYMN 218. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Vanity of the world and happiness of heaven.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient every earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass—the fading flower—
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour !
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
If God be ours, we 're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

HYMN 219. 7 & 6s.

Forsaking earth for heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise, from transitory things,
To heaven, thy native place :—
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, oh cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon thy Savior will return,
To take thee to the skies :
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven ;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 220. C. M. , DODDRIDGE.

Pilgrim's song.

- 1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing :
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

HYMN 221. S. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly joy on earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 222. 7s.

CENNICK.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 223. 8s.

NEWTON.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 3 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
- 5 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 224. C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless—Why cast down, my soul?
Trust God—and he'll employ
His aid for thee—and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

HYMN 225. C. M.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills :—
- 3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

HYMN 226. C. M.

SWAIN.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word :—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :—
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love :—
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 227. 7s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet !
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;
With our wretched hearts he strove ;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Savior near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Savior's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

HYMN 228. S. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

HYMN 229. 6 & 4s.

R. PALMER.

Self-Consecration.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
Savior divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh ! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distress remove :
Oh ! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

V. FLIGHT OF TIME, DEATH, ETERNITY.

HYMN 230. 7 & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave—
And death is just before us :—
God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll ;
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

HYMN 231. 7 & 6s.

BURTON.

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
But the christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy
Secure in Jesus' love.

HYMN 232. S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh ! be that still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

HYMN 233. C. P. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

Solemn meditation.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole :
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen.
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
' Unthinking man, remember this—
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die ! '
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call :
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast etherial blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

HYMN 234. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Exhortation to work while it is day.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the horrid gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

HYMN 235. 11s. MUHLENBURG.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without, and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway : no—welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

HYMN 236. L. M. BARBAULD.

The peaceful death of the righteous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest :
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing :
O grave ! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting !

HYMN 237. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on past generations.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!—
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?—
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor—gone!
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we as on life's utmost verge
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

HYMN 238. C. M. STEELE.

Admonition to prepare for death.

- 1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming—dies.
- *2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
But while we weep o'er comforts fled,
And mourn our withered joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
Thy Savior dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

HYMN 239. C. M.

HEBER.

A warning from the grave.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn !—thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !
- 4 Turn, christian, turn !—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell !

HYMN 240. L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die ?—
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison, and our clay.
- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 241. C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there the Savior's body lay,
And left a sweet perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

HYMN 242. C. M.

BEDDOME.

Preparation for death.

- 1 IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
- 2 If I must die, oh! let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
- 3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

HYMN 243.

POPE.

The dying christian to his soul.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature—cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark!—they whisper—angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away :'
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits—draws my breath?—
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears—
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!—
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
'O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!'

HYMN 244. 12s.

HEBER.

Farewell to a friend departed.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Savior has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide,
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died.

HYMN 245. C. M.

WATTS.

Burial of Believers.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labors of a mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 246. L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

HYMN 247. 8 & 7s.

COLLYER.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die!
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of wo intruding
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

HYMN 248. 7s.

S. F. SMITH.

Appeals from eternity.

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When—the death-shades o'er thee spread,—
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

HYMN 249. 8, 7 & 4s.

OLIVER.

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
'Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away.'
- 4 Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Oh come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

HYMN 250. C. P. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To bear thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

HYMN 251. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Reward and punishment.

- 1 Oh where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean's depth to sound—
 Or pierce to either pole!
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above;
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:—
 Oh what eternal horrors hang
 Around 'the second death'!

- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 Forevermore undone.

HYMN 252. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
 But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Savior's blood,
 My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

HYMN 253. 8 & 6s.

TAPPAN.

Heaven.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a tear for souls distress'd,
 A balm for every wounded breast;—
 'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

HYMN 254. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee ?
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 3 There happier bowers, than Eden's, bloom,
No sin nor sorrow know :
Blests seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 255. C. M.

WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 256. C. M.

MOORE.

Heaven desired.

- 1 THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
 Where idler warblers roam.
- 2 So grant me, Lord, from every stain
 Of sinful passion free,
 Through piety's serener air
 To steer my course to thee !
- 3 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

HYMN 257. C. M.

STEELE.

Glories of Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land !—could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !

- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 258. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

This mortal shall put on immortality.

- 1 THE blooming flowers of summer pass
With all their charms away;
The fragrance of the vernal grass
Ends with the vernal ray.
- 2 Yet deep within the sheltering root
The mystic life resides,
Maturing strength for future fruit,
While winter's might abides.
- 3 So life's bright scenes with us may end,
So outward graces fade;
So with the dust our glories blend,
Our light be changed to shade:
- 4 Yet in the grave these forms of earth
Shall purge their native mould,
And spring again—by heavenly birth—
And fairer powers unfold.
- *5 Oh dread not then the flow of time;
For heaven, thy home, prepare;
So shalt thou rise in form sublime,
And meet thy Savior there.

HYMN 259. C. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Changes of nature types of immortality.

- 1 As twilight's gradual veil is spread
Across the evening sky ;
So man's bright hours decline in shade,
And mortal comforts die.
- 2 Fair summer's bloom and autumn's glow
In vain pale winter brave ;
Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom know
A ransom from the grave.
- 3 But morning dawns, and spring revives,
And genial hours return ;
So man's immortal soul survives,
And scorns the mouldering urn.
- *4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
Or swiftly fades away,
The Christian finds a Savior's arms,
Nor dreads the coming day.

HYMN 260. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The grave.

- 1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground—Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose—That shuts the rose.
- *3 Ah Christian, long of storms the sport,
With weary pilgrimage to roam,
See, thou shalt reach a stormless port,
A quiet home—A quiet home.
- *4 But shall the dust thy soul confine ?
The risen Jesus tells thee nay :
It, in celestial spheres, shall shine,
A Star of day—A star of day !

HYMN 261. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Home in heaven.

- 1 MY Father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- *2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.
- 3 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

HYMN 262. C. M. MRS. HEMANS.

To a spirit in heaven.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now ;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- *2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death,
Learn how in peace to die.

HYMN 263. C. M. PEABODY.

The dying Christian.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;—
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !—
'T is like the peace the christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sun-set beam is cast!—
'T is like the memory left behind
When loved ones breath their last.
- 5 And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;—
So faith springs in the heart of those,
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death,
Shall wake to close no more.

HYMN 264. S. M. S. S. CUTTING.

To a departed spirit.

[See Hymn 152.]

- 1 SPIRIT! no restless wing
Tempts thee afar to roam;
Where sin nor woe their shadows fling,
Thou hast thy lasting home.
- 2 Spirit! the ark of God,
The stormy deluge o'er,
Has borne thee to that blest abode,
Where thou shalt rove no more.
- 3 Spirit! there safe abide,
There take thy wished-for rest;
The stormy deep which thou didst ride
Shall make that calm more blest.
- 4 Spirit! we'll haste to thee,
The tossing wave along,
And join the rapturous minstrelsy
Of thy seraphic song.

VI. MISSIONS.

HYMN 265. 7 & 6s.

HEBER.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 266.

WINCHELL'S SUP.

- 1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire—
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire ;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more ;
 Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

HYMN 267. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Subjections of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's !
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee !
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of thy reign !
- 3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell ;
 Let host to host the triumph tell—
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Savior reigns !

HYMN 268. 7 & 6s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And HIM who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply,
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

HYMN 269. 8, 7 & 4s. T. COTTERILL.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still, and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer—never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around!

HYMN 270. 6 & 4s. URWICK'S COLL.

The gospel published to all the world.

- 1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world ;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.
- 2 Swiftly on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly ;
They, who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.
- 3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word ;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.
- 4 Ye who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign ;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

HYMN 271. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Prayer for Christ's reign.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds ! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour :
Oh bid the morning-star arise,
Oh point the heathen to the skies.

- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds, and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

HYMN 272. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Savior sing,
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

HYMN 273. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Prayer for the Jews.

- 1 ARISE, great God! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide—their pardon seal;
O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say—shall thy wrath forever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 274. C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Enlargement and glory of the Church.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summits of the hills—
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'
- 3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

HYMN 275. 8, 7 & 4s.

KELLY.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Makers's favor blest ;
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

HYMN 276. 8, 7 & 4s. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Influences of the Spirit necessary.

- 1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach—but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same :
Mighty Spirit !
Witness to the Savior's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days :
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise :
Promised Spirit !
Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thine aid :
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said :
Faithful Spirit !
O'er the world thine influence shed.

HYMN 277. L. M.

- 1 ZION, awake!—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine !
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
All shall admire and love thee too.

HYMN 278. 6 & 8s.

Millenium hymn.

- 1 ISLES of the South, awake !
The song of triumph sing,
Let mount and hill and vale
With hallelujahs ring :
Shout, for the idol 's overthrown,
And Israel's God, is God alone.
- 2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout !
Your shackled sons are free,
No mother wails her child,
'Neath the bananna tree.
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore,
The clank of chains is heard no more.
- 3 Shout, vales of India, shout !
No fun'ral fires blaze high.
No idol-song rings loud,
As rolls the death car by :
The banner of the cross now waves
Where christian heralds made their grave.
- 4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece !
The crested head lays low ;
No Moslem flings his chain,
Around the christian now ;—
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Savior, God, the Son.
- 5 Shout, hills of Palestine !
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
The garden of Gethsemane ?
- 6 Hail glad millenial day !
O shout, ye heavens above !
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love,
Redeeming love the song shall be :
Hail blessed year of Jubilee !

HYMN 279. 8, 7 & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

Missionary's farewell.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee ;
All thy scenes I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country !
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 2 HOME ! thy joys are passing lovely ;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell !
Happy home ! 't is sure I love thee !
Can I—can I say—*Farewell* ?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure !
Can I say a last farewell ?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
- 4 Yes ! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well !
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
Lovely native land, farewell !
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell !
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land !—FAREWELL—FAREWELL !

HYMN 280. L. M.

WATTS.

The promised reign of Christ.

- 1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold ! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

HYMN 281. 11 & 10s.

Zion's glad morning.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by thy prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo in the desert, rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

HYMN 282. C. M.

MILTON.

The kingdom of God on earth.

- 1 THE Lord will come and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err :
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like fairest flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord ! judge thou the earth in might ;
This longing earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done :
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone !

HYMN 283. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake !—awake !
Put on thy strength—the nations shake !
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone !'
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come !
 Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home !
 Soon may our wondering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold !
- 4 Almighty God ! thy grace proclaim
 Through every clime—of every name !
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Savior Lord of all !

HYMN 284. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

False religions supplanted by christianity.

- 1 O FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
 Thy kingdom, built on love and grace !
 In every nation give it room,
 In every heart afford it place :
 The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
 And claim the kingdoms as thine own.
- 3 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
 And sinners scorn thy holy fear ;
 Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
 Where'er thy messengers appear :
 Oh rise, great God, in love, and bless
 All nations with thy righteousness.

HYMN 285. L. M. TAPPAN.

- 1 HARK ! from yon wilds is heard the strain
 Of joy and praise ascending high ;
 The song of Zion cheers the plain ;
 The desert breathes the contrite's sigh.
- 2 Now true religion rears her throne
 Where superstition darkly trod ;
 And, where his altar was unknown,
 Unnumber'd temples rise to God.
- 3 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high :
 Salvation to the heathen flows !
 Let anthems roll along the sky :
 The desert blossoms like the rose !

HYMN 286. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 ARISE ! arise !—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day :
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun !
- 2 The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store :
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 3 Auspicious dawn !—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day :
Great Son of Righteousness ! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

HYMN 287. S. M. HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The coming of Christ in the power of his gospel.

- 1 LORD Jesus ! come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid,
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain :
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus ! come ; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famished crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come as in days of old,
With words of grace and power :
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

HYMN 288. S. M.

JOHNS.

The kingdom of God.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love ;
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

HYMN 289. 8 & 7s. URWICK'S COLL.

The dark world enlightened.

- 1 EARTH is but the land of shadows,
Faintly tinged with glow-worm light,
Where the Prince of darkness reigneth,
Presage of eternal night.
- 2 O thou Sun of glorious splendor !
Rise with healing in thy wing ;
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.
- 3 Take thy power, Almighty Savior !
Claim the nations for thine own ;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

- 4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

HYMN 290. 12s.

TAPPAN.

The light of the Gospel.

- 1 ON the islands that sit in the region of night,
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and light,
And the young star of Bethlehem will ripen to-day.
- 2 The altar and idol in dust overthrown,
The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood,
The priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,
And the shrines of the idols be sacred to God.
- 3 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring the prophet in vision foresaw,
When the beams of the day-star illumines each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his law.

HYMN 291. 8 & 7s. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high.
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of ev'ry pagan sky.
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger
Hail it ere it fades away.
- 2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the topics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow.
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

- 3 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
 Dark in spirit, though they be,
 Show that light to every creature,
 Prince or vassal, bond or free.
 Lo! they haste to every nation;
 Host on hosts the ranks supply;
 Onward! Christ is your salvation,
 And your death is victory.

HYMN 292. L. M.

ASHWORTH.

The spreading gospel.

- *1 TELL, Gospel, tell thy news to man:
 Thy stream of life o'er deserts roll;
 Oh let thy bonds the wide earth span,
 And brethren make from pole to pole.
- *2 Tread, Gospel, through the nations tread,
 With every virtue in thy train:
 Be all to thy blest freedom led,
 And Christ the liberator, reign.
- *3 Spread, Gospel, spread thy growing wings,
 Gather the lost from every land;
 Oh call them to the king of kings—
 Proclaim them his—'t is Christ's command!

HYMN 293. S. M.

SCOTT.

The collection consecrated.

- 1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
 With gratitude we own;
 We praise thy providential care,
 That showers its blessings down.
- 2 With joy thy people bring
 Their offerings round thy throne;
 With thankful souls, behold, we pay
 A tribute of thine own.
- 3 Oh may this sacrifice
 To thee, the Lord, ascend,
 An odor of a sweet perfume,
 Presented by his hand.

- 4 Well pleased our God shall view
The products of his grace;
With endless life shall he fulfill
His kindest promises.

HYMN 294. 7s.

BOWRING.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

VII. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 295. C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Invocation.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness ! descend,
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,
Let us thy mercy see !
- 2 Behold thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes—
Let us no more lie desolate ;
Oh, bid thy light arise.
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let *us* not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be :
- 4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God ;
Remember those we love ;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness ! 't is thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, for we wait thy power divine,
Let us thy mercy share.

HYMN 296. S. M.

DWIGHT.

Love to the church.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God ;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 297. L. M.

WATTS.

The Church's prayer in time of desertion.

- 1 GREAT shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep—
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now—
Shine from on high—and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground ?

- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit?
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee—thy love restore,
We shall be saved—and sigh no more.

HYMN 298. L. M. TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings, neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
- 4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

HYMN 299. L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHEN, on the bending willows hung,
Israel ! still sleeps thy tuneful string ?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake !—thy sweetest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns !

- 3 No taunting foes the song require :
No strangers mock thy captive chain :
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share :
A heavenly city claims thy song ;
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

HYMN 300. L. M.

NEWTON.

Trusting in God.

- 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Savior say,
'Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 'Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power :
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 'Take down thy long-neglected harp ;
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer ;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.'
- 4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive ;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 301. 8 & 7s.

R. PALMER.

Praise for a revival.

- 1 FOUNT of everlasting love !
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above ;
Beauty marks their course afar.

- 2 Lo, thy church, thy garden now,
 Blooms beneath the heavenly shower !
 Sinners feel, and melt, and bow :
 Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.
- 3 God of grace, before thy throne
 Here our warmest thanks we bring ;
 Thine the glory—thine alone :
 Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song ;
 Let thy Spirit still descend ;
 Roll the tide of grace along,
 Widening, deepening, to the end.

HYMN 302. S. M.

SWAIN.

Gratitude for a revival.

- 1 Who can forbear to sing,
 Who can refuse to praise,
 When Zion's high, celestial King
 His saving power displays ?—
- 2 When sinners at his feet,
 By mercy conquered, fall ;
 When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
 And peace unites them all ?
- *3 Who can forbear to praise,
 When angel-notes prolong,
 O'er sinners turning from their ways,
 The high, seraphic song ?

HYMN 303. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath school anniversary.

- 1 From year to year in love we meet ;
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The thrilling joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away :
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some in our number, marked to fall :
Be young and old prepared alike ;
The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours :
This day we ne'er again shall see :
O Lord ! awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew ;
Send teachers, children, in our place ;
More humble, docile, faithful, true,
More like thy Son,—from race to race.

HYMN 304. 7s.

GREY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak, Almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest ;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and pardon from above ;
Charity for all our kind,—
Trusting faith, and holy love.

HYMN 305. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the king of kings
Are training for the skies.
- 2 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

HYMN 306. S. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at entering school.

- 1 LORD, lead my heart to learn ;
Prepare my ears to hear ;
And let me useful knowledge seek,
In thy most holy fear.
- 2 If unforgiven sin
Within my bosom lies,
Or evil motives linger there
T' offend thy perfect eyes—
- 3 Remove them far away,
Inspire me with thy love,
That I may please thee here below,
And dwell with thee above.

HYMN 307. S. M.

The word sown.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! hear
The notes that children raise ;
To our request bow down thine ear,
And hearken to our praise.
- 2 Within our minds the seed
Of sacred truth is sown ;
But, Lord, the blessing that we need,
Must come from thee alone.
- 3 That seed will buried lie
Till thou the increase give ;
Yet then, although it seem to die,
It shall revive and live.
- 4 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.
- 5 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown ;
And if a hundred fold it bear,
The praise is all thy own.

HYMN 308. H. M.

BUDDEN.

- 1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise :
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we 'll raise.
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught.
To God alone your offerings bring :
Let young and old his praises sing.
- 3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success ;
Let thousands yet unborn
Thy sacred name here bless.
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We 'll raise throughout eternity.

HYMN 309. C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of saving love !
Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
Oh, join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed ;
Oh, shed yourselves a tear !

- 5 We pray that you may early prove
The Savior's quickening grace ;
Too young you cannot taste his love,
Or seek his smiling face.

HYMN 310. C. M.

STREPHAM.

For teachers.

- 1 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.
- 2 Delightful work young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace !
- 3 Almighty God, thy influence shed
To aid this good design :
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 311. L. M.

HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning light :
- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 Oh guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are yet to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;—
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HYMN 312. L. M.

KEBLE.

Morning.

- 1 Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new! *
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- *4 Open, O Lord, our sin-dimmed eyes
To see these blessings as they rise;
And help us through the passing day
To live as we this morning pray.

HYMN 313. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'T is thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 Oh let that hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
And lead me to that holy hill
Where is thy dwelling-place.

* Revelations, 21: 5.

HYMN 314. L. M.

KEBLE.

Evening.

- 1 THE sun, that bright and orb'd blaze,
Has faded from our wistful gaze ;
A mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul ! thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

HYMN 315. 8s.

EPIS. COLL.

Evening.

- 1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 316. C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 WE come at evening's solemn hour,
Low at thy shrine we bend,
To offer up the heart's warm prayer
To thee, our Father, Friend.
- 2 Not high degree or fame we ask,
Not power of worldly form,
But power to foil the snares of vice,
And passion's fitful storm.
- 3 Oh, like the summer's gentle showers,
Let thy pure grace descend ;
Be thou our guide, be thou our hope,
Our Father, and our Friend.
- 4 And let thy hand protect us here ;
Be with us where we stay ;
Guide, guard us through life's narrow path ;
Help us in death's dark way.

HYMN 317. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears ;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 Lord, when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Oh may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 318.

S. S. CUTTING.

Family Hymn.

[Adapted to a Scotch Air—Bonnie Doon.]

- 1 FATHER! we bless the gentle care
That watches o'er us day by day,
That guards us from the tempter's snare,
And guides us in the heavenward way :—
We bless thee for the tender love
That mingles all our hearts in one,—
The music of the soul—above
'T is purer spirits' unison.
- 2 Father! affection speaks to thee—
Oh listen to affection's voice,
And let thy blessing ever be
Alike in all our woes and joys :—
And speaks affection not the less
For absent loved-ones far or near,—
The absent let thy mercy bless!
As us who mingle worship here.
- 3 Father! 't is evening's solemn hour,
And cast we now our cares on thee,—
Darkly the storm may round us lower—
Peace is within—Christ makes us free!—
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
And evening gathers on its sky,
Our circle broke—we sing no more—
Oh may we meet and sing on high!

HYMN 319. 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care—from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away :
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

HYMN 320. L. M.

KENN.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, king of kings
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

HYMN 321. C. M.

MORAVIAN COLL.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!—
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

HYMN 322. C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Evening.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
- 4 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN 323. S. M. CURTIS' COLL.

- 1 ANOTHER day is past—
The hours forever fled ;
And time is bearing me away
To mingle with the dead.
- 2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep :
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For Thou canst never sleep.
- 3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd !
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

HYMN 324. C. M.

CENNICK.

Sabbath evening.

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

HYMN 325. C. M.

COWPER.

Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, dearest of thy sacred names,
My Savior, thou art mine!
- 4 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 326. S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise—their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- *3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above;
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 327. 7s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ;
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest ?
- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warmed ;
He, whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He, whose words and thoughts are one ;—
- 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned
Treads the path by thee ordained ;—
- 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself has done :—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

HYMN 328. C. M.

LOGAN.

Trust in God in old age.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.
- 3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 329. 6 & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing:
Land, where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee—
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light—
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

HYMN 330. 7s. NEWTON.

New year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.

- 2 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here ;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive ;
Sun of righteousness, arise !
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes :
Let our prayer thy pity move ;
Make this year a time of love.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view ;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Savior's love ;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 331. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise for Providential goodness.

- 1 God of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound :
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see :
And, constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
To every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God :
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HYMN 332. 8s.

HAWES.

Spring.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found,
In praising, to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Savior's high praises to tell!
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

HYMN 333. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Seasons.

- 1 THE flowery spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 The changing seasons, months, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 334. 8 & 7s.

DODD.

Autumn.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound !—
- 2 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.
- 3 'What though yet no losses grieve you,—
Gay with health and many a grace ;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.'
- 4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stay'd !
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN 335. C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Solitude.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast,
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 336. 7s. S. S. CUTTING.

Illustrations of Scripture promises.

[Comp. John 4: 14, 7: 38.]

- 1 GREEN the hill-side, ever fair,
Where perennial waters are;
Drought may parch the fields around,
Purling brooks may cease their sound,
But that hill-side verdant still
Tells that springs its bosom fill.
- 2 Ever joyous thus the heart,
Where celestial waters start:
'He that comes in thirst to me,
Drinks of living streams and free;
Springing in his soul a well
Into heavenly life shall swell.'
- 3 Flowing from that favored hill
Courseth on th' unfailing rill;
Other brooks may cease their sound,
Fruitless be the fields around,
But along that watered vale
Bloom and beauty cannot fail.
- 4 Ever from the christian heart
Thus shall living waters start:
'He that me believes and loves,
Forth from him, where'er he roves,
Living streams shall richly flow,
Gladdening wastes of human wo.'

HYMN 337. C. M. STEELE.

The Bible suited to the wants of mankind.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound !
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there !

HYMN 338. C. P. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 How precious, Lord, thy sacred word !
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls in deep distress !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
But 't is thy gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

HYMN 339. C. M. WINCHELL'S SUP.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 340. L. M.

KELLY.

Delight in the scriptures.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God ;
No other can its place supply ;
It points me to the saint's abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.
- 2 Blest book ! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love,
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

HYMN 341. C. M.

ADDISON.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

HYMN 342. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

'The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground.'

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—'harvest home !'

HYMN 343. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Grief over human woes.

- 1 ARISE, my tender thoughts, arise ;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human beings sunk in shame ;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abused—the soul undone.
- 3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatenings, Lord ;
I know the wretched, dreadful end,
To which their careless steps descend :
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, when most it loves ;
Great God ! thy saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN 344. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh, melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye,
To blessings so divine ?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 4 My Savior God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak thy salvation to my soul
And turn my prayer to praise.

HYMN 345. C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Ashamed of Christ !

- 1 ASHAMED of Christ ! my soul disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought :
Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
The highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers now for him
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 3 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 346. [L. M. omitting the short line.] S. F. SMITH.

Gethsemane.

- 1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Savior go,
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
'My Father, can this cup remove?'
- 3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
'Behold me here, thy only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done.'
- 4 The Father heard—and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

HYMN 347. 7 & 6s.

HEBER.

Marriage Hymn.

- 1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed ;
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest :
- 2 No sin his face defiling
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!—
Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known ;
A want the heart distressing ;—
For Adam was alone !
- 3 O God of pure affection !
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board,
May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one !

HYMN 348. 8 & 7s.

COLLYER.

Faith I need.

- 1 FAITH I need ; O Lord, bestow it,
Give my laboring mind relief—
Oft, alas ! I doubt—I know it—
Help, oh help my unbelief !
- 2 Dearest Savior, by thy merit,
May I gain a future crown—
Guide, oh guide me by thy spirit,
Till these storms are overblown.

HYMN 349. C. M.

HERBERT.

The imperishable blessedness of the gospel.

- 1 SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas, must die.
- 2 Sweet Rose ! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye ;
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas, must die.
- 3 Sweet Spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas, must die.
- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly ;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

HYMN 350. L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The man of grief.

- 1 A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered ; not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst ;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :—
I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

HYMN 351. 7 & 6s.

Invitation to prayer.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away ;
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
The dear Redeemer's name.
- 3 Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

HYMN 352. 8 & 7s.

TAYLOR.

Praise.

- 1 SAINTS, with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, oh seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God and peace within.
- 4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

HYMN 353. H. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

God hearing prayer.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer !
Attend our humble cry ;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high ;
We plead the promise of thy word,
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou—
We—children of thy grace—
Oh let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place ;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

HYMN 354. C. M. EPIS. COLL.

To youth.

- 1 OH, in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name,
And image, deep engraved :
- 3 True wisdom early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest ;
Oh then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

HYMN 355. 7 & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer ;
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 't is its nature—
And life's last ember burns :
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

HYMN 356. 10 & 11s.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join !
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in music divine !

- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
 Let each grateful heart be glad in our King;
 The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
 And view with complaisance the off'ring we bring.
- 3 Be joyful his saints sustained by his might,
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
 For those who obey him are still his delight—
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord! prepare a glad song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join!
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises in music divine.

HYMN 357. C. M.

WATTS.

Christian courage.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

HYMN 358. C. M.

COLLYER.

Consolation. Luke 24: 50, 51.

- 1 It is the voice of love divine
 That strikes the list'ning ear,
 That soothes his mourning follower's grief,
 And wipes the falling tear.
- 2 'Because I leave this world'—he cries,
 'Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
 But though I seek my native skies,
 My heart remains below.'

- 3 My spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,
Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead.
- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounced his parting prayer ;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Conveyed him through the air.

HYMN 359. C. M. LINSLEY AND DAVIS'S COLL.

Can we forget?

- 1 JESUS! thy love shall we forget ;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find ?
- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer ;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair ?
- 3 Gethsemane, can we forget
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee ?
- 4 Can we the platted crown forget,
The buffeting and shame ;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name ?
- 5 The nails, the spear, can we forget ;
The agonizing cry—
' My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy son forsaken die ?'
- 6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love ;
But HE, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

HYMN 360. C. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The certain harvest.

- 1 ALL hail ! ye servants of the Lord,
On mercy's mission bound,
Who, like the sower of the word,
Strew precious gifts around.
- 2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown,
Where tares and brambles thrive ?
Still One is able, One alone,
To save its germ alive.
- 3 Ye fear what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil ;
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.
- 4 The seed that by the way-side fell
Perchance you counted dead ;
Yet birds that sing in heaven may tell
They on its sweetness fed.
- 5 And some a hundred fold shall bear
Unto the harvest's Lord :
How blessed, then, will be your care !
How glorious your reward !

HYMN 361. S. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil ;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go—where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of penury pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge with a tender zeal
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

- 4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer your constant guest ;
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

HYMN 362. 7 & 6s.

LYRE.

Temperance Hymn.

- 1 How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign,
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the plain ?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour
Throughout this favored nation
Her millions to devour ?
- 2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the shrine of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry, and health ?
When shall the charms so luring
Of bad example cease,
The end at once securing
Of temperance and peace ?
- 3 We hail with joy unceasing
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of heaven.
Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
Where holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

HYMN 363. L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Intemperance.

- 1 THERE sprang a tree of deadly name,
Its poisonous breath, its baneful dew,
Scorched the green earth like lava flame,
And every plant of mercy slew.
- 2 From clime to clime its branches spread
Their fearful fruits of sin and wo;
The prince of darkness lov'd its shade,
And toil'd its fiery seed to sow.
- 3 Faith pour'd her prayer at midnight hour;
The hand of zeal at noonday wrought;
And armor of celestial power
The children of the cross besought.
- 4 Behold! the axe its pride doth wound;
Through its cleft boughs the sunbeams shine;
Its blasted blossoms strew the ground—
Give glory to the arm divine!
- 5 And still Jehovah's aid implore,
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,
From peopled earth's remotest shore,
To root that deadly Upas tree.

HYMN 364. L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'Only this once.' Ex. 10: 17.

- 1 'ONLY this once.'—The wine-cup glow'd,
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The gleeful shout and welcome flow'd,
And folly made the revel gay.
- 2 Then he, so long, so deeply warn'd,
The sway of conscience rashly spurn'd,
His promise of repentance scorn'd,
And, coward like, to vice return'd.
- 3 'Only this once.'—The tale is told.
He wildly quaff'd the poisonous tide—
With more than Esau's madness sold
The birthright of his soul—and died.

- 4 I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead ;
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.
- 5 ' Only this once.'—Beware, beware !
Gaze not upon the blushing wine !
Oh, fly temptation's syren snare,
And prayerful seek for strength divine.

HYMN 365. C. M.

' I will be glad in the Lord.'

- 1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away,
Bright tear-drops of the night,—
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love
And finds its home in THEE.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father, and my Friend,
My wishes are addressed.
- 4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
- 5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be ;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in THEE.

HYMN 366. 11s. CUNNINGHAM.

The ministry of angels.

- 1 How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss,
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this !
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above
To breathe o'er our bosoms their errands of love !

- 2 They come—on the wings of the morning they come,
To convoy the stranger in peace to his home ;
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

HYMN 367. L. M. 61.

The gospel adapted to give peace and rest.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo ;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburthen here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God :
He is thy Savior—glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

HYMN 368. C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

Hymn for maternal meetings.

- 1 WITHIN these quiet walls, O Lord,
A fond maternal band
Have met, thy goodness to record,
And seek thy guiding hand.
- 2 Oft when we talk, our burning hearts
Break from the earth away ;
While faith its holy strength imparts,
And hope its heavenly ray.
- 3 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained a listening ear,
Oh ! Savior, now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.
- 4 'Tis for our children, Lord, we plead,
Dear objects of our care :
Dangers on every side are spread ;—
Save them from every snare.

- 5 O thou blest guardian ! walk beside
Life's river as it rolls ;
Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,
And cleanse and save their souls.

HYMN 369. C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

The same.

- 1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond maternal care ;
For this we come before thy throne,
And bring our children near.
- 2 We ask not riches, honor, fame,
Or aught the world can give ;
May they but glorify thy name,
And for thy kingdom live.
- 3 This is the burthen of our prayer,—
And when from us they 're riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs at last of heaven.

HYMN 370. S. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

The same.

- 1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear,
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
- 2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock !
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.
- 3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine ;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.
- 4 To-day in love descend,
Oh come this precious hour ;
In mercy now their spirits bend,
By thy resistless power.

HYMN 371. C. M. MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

Hymn for maternal meetings.

- 1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy sinful band ;
As suppliants round the mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.
- 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The children thou hast given :
Where should we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife :
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace
To make them pure in heart ;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

HYMN 372. S. M. H. S. WASHBURN.

Prospect of heaven.

- 1 O ISRAEL ! trust his word,
Whose love still yearns for thee ;
His promise is, that Canaan's land
Shall thy possession be.
- 2 Though we have journeyed long,
In bondage and in fear,
And oft in secret silence shed,
The penitential tear ;
- 3 Let every heart rejoice,
God will deliverance bring,—
The captive shall exult in hope,
And of salvation sing.
- 4 Let us our vows renew,
And onward urge our way,—
How speeds the night of darkness now,
Before the dawning day !

HYMN 373.

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE.

TUNE. '*They have gone to the land.*'

[For the annual concert of prayer for colleges, &c.]

- 1 WAKE, children of Zion! Oh hasten to plead
 For the Spirit of grace to descend;
 The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need
 Of your prayers, the great cause to defend.
 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven,
 From hearts all united in one,
 That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
 And strength for the race they must run.
- 2 O'er the green hills of science, O Spirit, preside,
 And send down thy heavenly showers:
 Let holiest dews on the tendrils abide,
 And moisten the germs and the flowers.
 Pour salt in these fountains, shed light on these halls,
 Bid Shiloh's pure waters be there,
 Till the tide of salvation, surrounding these walls,
 Rolls high on the breezes of prayer.
- 3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
 The Gospel of peace to proclaim;—
 O'er the land and the sea the glad message that flies,
 Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.
 Wake, children of Zion! oh wrestle and pray,
 While incense is wafted on high;
 For the hands that in faith are uplifted to-day,
 Shall prevail with the realms of the sky.

HYMN 374. C. M.

The Lord's my Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie;
 In pastures green, he leadeth me,
 The quiet waters by:
- 2 My soul he doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make,
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for his own name's sake.

HYMN 375. 8 & 7s. A. C. COXE.

Morning or evening worship.

- 1 WHEN my voice at morn and even,
Seeks, oh Lord, thy gracious ear—
Let the incense waft to heaven,
Hear the vow—accept the tear.
- 2 Oh! from fault and hourly weakness,
Guard me first, and then forgive;
Savior, let thy love and meekness
Clothe my spirit while I live.
- 3 Eve to eve, and morn to morning,
Heaven on earth shall thus display,
Till I change, at thy sweet warning,
Heaven for earth, and night for day.

HYMN 376. 7s. CHURCHMAN.

- 1 'T is the hour when silent thought
Cometh with my follies fraught;
And my soul within me dies;
Yet to heaven I lift mine eyes,
Sighing, as I bow to thee—
Jesus! Savior, pity me!
- 2 Pity, Lord! by all the wo
Thou, thyself, didst bear below;
Pity, Lord, the child of dust—
Free, from each deceiving lust,
Him, who sorr'wing cries to thee—
Jesus! Savior, pity me!
- 3 From thy flock, a straying lamb,
Tender Shepherd, though I am;
Now, upon the mountain cold,
Lost, I long to gain the fold,
And within thine arms to be;—
Jesus! Savior, pity me!
- 4 Oh! where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures, lead me, Lord!
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wanderer found—
Evermore my Shepherd be;—
Jesus! Savior, pity me!

HYMN 377. 7 & 4s.

GEMS.

Support in death.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way :
Break the shadows.
Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Upward from this dying state,
Bid my waiting soul aspire ;
Open thou the chrystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre :
Then triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

HYMN 378. 8s.

COWPER.

Longing to depart.

- 1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :—
- 3 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Oh strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline ;—
- 5 Oh then shall the veil be removed
And round me thy brightness be poured ;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen I ador'd.

HYMN 379. 8s. ANDREW REED.

Heaven desired.

- 1 Oh lend me the wings of a dove,
To fly from these regions of wo;
My hopes and my joys are above,
And thither my spirit would go.
I long with my Savior to rest,
Beyond the assault of my foes,
And lean with a smile on his breast;—
No pillow can yield such repose.
- 2 How pleased and how blessed should I be,
To gaze on his beauteous face;
While love and compassion to me
Lend every expression a grace;—
No cloud should bewilder my sight,
No sigh from my heart should arise;
But filled with extatic delight,
All tears should be wiped from my eyes.
- 3 Ah, then I should cease to offend
The Savior I love and adore;
His grace, without limit or end,
Should reign in my heart evermore.
All pure as the angels above,
Each thought should exult in his name;
Each passion resigned to his love,
With rapture his praise should proclaim.

HYMN 380. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Resurrection.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
Far o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN 381. 11s. R. W. CUSHMAN.

The tomb without terror.

- 1 OH why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,
Though ever so humid and cold it arise,
The heart of the christian distress with its gloom?—
The christian,—a child and an heir of the skies.
- 2 'Tis true that the grave is a dreary abode,
Where darkness, and silence, and solitude reign;
Where time and the worm shall these bodies corrode,
And nought but its dust shall of beauty remain.
- 3 But lo, the freed spirit! see, upward she bends
Her seraph-winged flight when the struggle is o'er;
And, while the pale form into darkness descends,
She walks the bright fields on eternity's shore.
- 4 Then why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,
Though ever so humid and cold it arise,
The heart of the christian distress with its gloom?—
The *christian*,—a child and an heir of the skies!

HYMN 382. 7 & 6s. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In sickness.

- 1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry,
While for thy gift of healing,
We raise our voice on high :
Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are ;—
Chastisements and corrections,
To quicken us in prayer.
- 2 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou canst still forgive ;
And thou, most high and holy,
Canst bid the sick revive :
Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.
- 3 As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead ;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid :
Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, to thee we cry ;—
Send down thy gift of healing,—
On thee our souls rely.

HYMN 383. 8s. UNION MINSTREL.

Self-consecration.

- 1 O JESUS, delight of my soul,
My Savior, my Shepherd divine ;
I yield to thy blessed control ;—
My body and spirit are thine.
Thy love I can never deserve
That bids me be happy in thee ;
My God and my King I will serve
Whose favor is heaven to me.

- 2 How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away;
Adopt me O Lord, as thy child.
And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
Oh bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

HYMN 384. 8 & 7s. [Peculiar.] U. S. PSALMODY.

Invocation.

- 1 LIGHT of lights! our path illuming,
Gently now thy radiance shed;
That mid flowers forever blooming,
We in bliss may joyful tread;
From the gloom that lies before us,
To thy brightness now restore us,
While we bow the humble head.
- 2 King of kings! who, ruling kindly,
Bear'st a sceptre giving grace—
Let us not forever blindly
Turn away and shun thy face;
May we always in submission,
Raise to thee our soul's petition,
In thine earthly dwelling-place.
- 3 Stream of streams! so gently flowing,
Let us feel thy cleansing wave,
When the breath of love is blowing
O'er life's waters, till they lave
Every breast that needs their healing;
Wash away each sinful feeling,
Purify our souls and save.
- 4 Sun of suns! our pathway cheering,
With thy holy, heavenly light,
Shine, oh shine when we are fearing,
When the lightning flasheth bright;
Rise and bless mid wildest dangers,
Guide us, poor bewildered strangers,
Dawning through our darksome night.

- 5 Star of stars ! so brightly glowing
Mid the dreariest gloom around ;
Unto every sinner showing
Where the way of life is found ;
On our path still sweetly shining,
Banish every dark repining,
Till in us all joys abound.

HYMN 385. C. M. ROBERT TURNBULL.

My Father's House.

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies ;
My Father's house, my heavenly home !
Where ' many mansions ' stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek ' the better land.'
- 2 When toss'd upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide ;
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 Yes ! even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away ;—
The vision of that heavenly home,
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.
- 4 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete ;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

HYMN 386. Peculiar. SACRED MINSTREL.

Evening hymn.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven, the day is declining;—
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
- 2 Father in heaven, Oh hear when we call,
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all;
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns;
Wake in thy arms when the morning returns.

HYMN 387. 8s. ANDREW REED.

Looking to Christ.

- 1 DEAR Savior! attend to my prayer,
That seeks for relief in a sigh;
Fain would I deposit my care,
On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
My fears and my sorrows abound,
The storm of affliction runs high,
And safety alone can be found
In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 2 My foes have encircled my way;
Unable to stand or to fly,
I look with distress and dismay
To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
My sins and transgressions appear,
And tell me that vengeance is nigh;
Oh hide me from all that I fear,
In 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
- 3 Perplexed, overwhelmed, and oppressed,
I scarcely can utter a cry;
Dear Savior! come, lead me to rest
On 'the Rock that is higher than I.'
Then I'll smile in the midst of my woes,
And cast a fond look to the sky,
And shout with my foot on my foes,
To 'the Rock that is higher than I.'

HYMN 388. 8, 7 & 4s. RIPPON'S SEL.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with love and praise,
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace,
O refresh us !
Travelling through this wilderness.

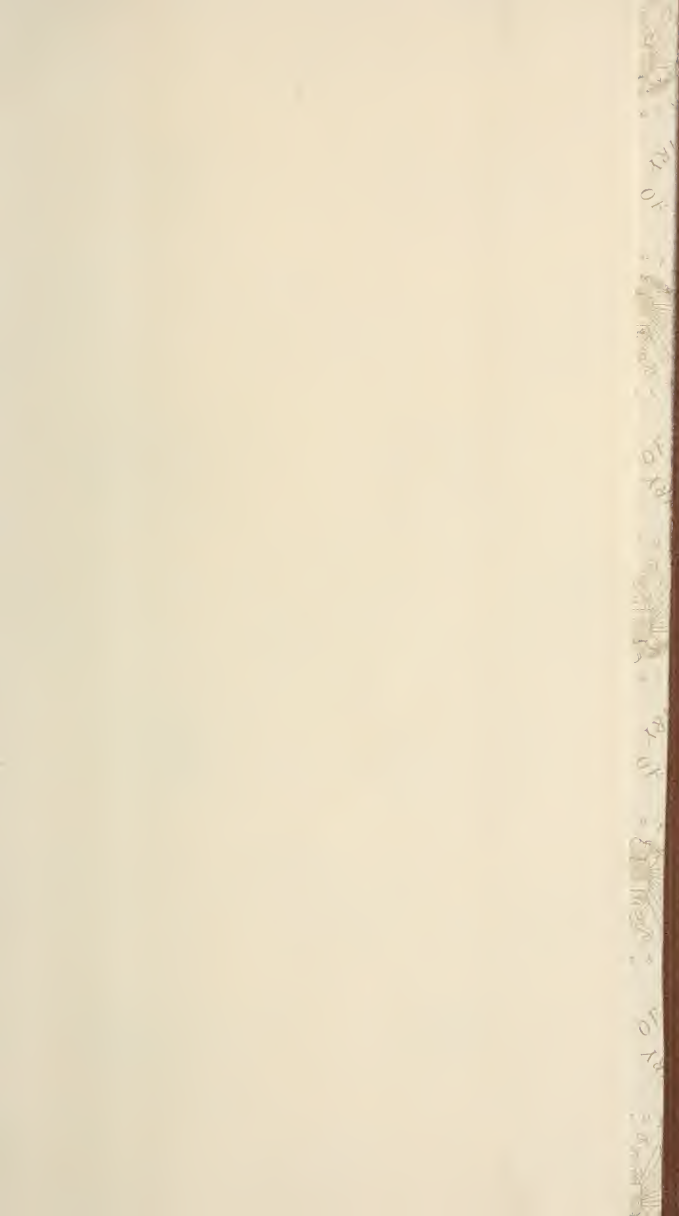
389. 8 & 7s. *Doxology.* NEWTON.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

390. L. M. *Doxology.* WATTS.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

THE END.



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